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224 Toma's son said that he, too, had shot a buck during the
866 last rainy season, but while the hunters were following it a
857 rainstorm had come up and had washed the tracks away, forcing them to abandon the hunt, although for days they had searched the sky for the column of vultures that would show where the buck had fallen. Lions must have got it, said Toma, and eaten it in one night, and this was a great shame, for younger boys than his son had already proven themselves. The boy shrugged his shoulders at these words. He had been the first person we had met when we first had come to Gautscha Pan, and we had seen him in the veld, a naked child hardly more than an infant, standing in grass that came over his head with a toy bow and a wooden arrow in his hand. He was far from home, all by himself, but he had stood up to talk with us so boldly that our interpreter, vastly amused, had asked him what he would do if he met a lion, and with great self-possession Toma's son had said: "If he let me alone, I would let him go, but if he came for me, then we would fight."

Young Bushman boys do not always seem anxious to become adults. Like his son, in Toma's opinion, they prefer to play at hunting because as soon as they know how to hunt they have to, and hunting, say adult Bushmen, is very hard work. We felt, though, that it wouldn't be long before his son did succeed in killing an animal. Besides playing at hunting as a child he used to hunt beetles, moths, and large caterpillars by shooting them with thorns; but he was twelve now and seemed to have left his childhood behind, for while we talked his younger brother and sister played in the sand but he sat quietly with the men and listened.

163 Gao Big Feet and his wife, Dikai, Tu's sister, had had a
164 second baby, a little boy named Dabe ma, Little Dabe. Their first child, Little Gashe, now four, was blind in one eye, pos-

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three-legged dog. This morning, though, he did not look at anyone and seemed more silent even than he had been before.

The men made a carriage of their arms and lifted Short Kwi to the top of the truck, and in the process one of them lost his footing so that Short Kwi was jounced, which must have hurt him although he did not show it, Bushmen being very good at concealing pain or despair. His wife climbed on to help make him comfortable and to receive their bundles, which were being handed up, and at the sight of this his baby began to cry without a sound, slow tears rolling down her cheeks and dropping to the ground. I lifted the baby and tried to play with her, jumping a little and smiling to make her smile, although of course I could not cheer her, and when Short Kwi's wife looked over the truck's side the baby twisted away from me and held up her arms.

When Short Kwi was ready we asked who would come with us, and most of his relatives decided to wait and join us later because one of the young boys, a child of twelve or so, had shot his first buck two days before and as the buck had still not been found, the people did not want to leave it. Toma's son himself wanted to remain because, it turned out, the buck had been shot with an arrow which he had given to another boy, who in turn had given it to the young hunter, and Toma's son, as original owner of the arrow, wanted his rightful share of the meat. When Toma said that his son could wait if he wanted but that we couldn't wait for him, his son turned to some other little boys who stood near him and began discussing the possibility of his joining the search for the animal. It was very interesting to see this conversation, these adult dealings beginning among the ten- and twelve-year-olds, these new, young hunters, these small figures of hope and strength, and we waited a long time while

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224 Toma's son rubbed his head with his tough little fingers to
857 make up his mind. Finally he left his friends and climbed on
866 the truck. Home was too far to walk to, he said, and he was going to forfeit. As we drove away, his friends ran after us, shouting that they would bring him his share if they were able.

151 We reached Nama Pan late in the afternoon. Toma and
152 Gao Feet cleared a werf for Short Kwi, and when he was
757 settled comfortably with his back against a tree and with soft grass and blankets arranged all around him he said softly, just to himself and anyone else who might be listening, that during the night his leg had fallen off. After he said this he began to cry, and Gao Feet slowly crouched beside him, unwound the blanket slowly, and untied the bark, then gently lifted the knee away from the calf, which remained on the ground, just like the leg of a mummy. When the calf had fallen off, Short Kwi had pushed the two pieces back together again. Short Kwi was crying and biting his hand and his wife was crying, and Toma and Gao Feet stood beside him for a minute looking, the expression on their faces as dark as night.
766 Then they picked up the leg and carried it away to the veld, where they buried it in a hole, exactly as if it were a person, they were so sad.

152 Later, when we had dressed the stump, Toma and Gao Feet came back to sit with Short Kwi and talk with him. Gao Feet told about a Bantu man he had seen far in the north who had been injured in a mine accident and had been fitted with a false foot. Short Kwi could have one too, Gao said; but Toma said, almost too depressed to speak: "What does it matter? He is a cripple now."

521 Then the men went away and left Short Kwi to rest, and
758 during the evening the children and young people were talk-